

or a scene from everyday life of an ordinary man or woman. Nature, seen through his eyes, is suggestive and inspiring, because any great artist (and I take the word in its widest sense) must be above all an inspirer. He must breathe something into our souls which we did not already possess or appreciate, or which we were not conscious of possessing. He must educate. Can we help comparing this great master and his very modern ideas to that other great modernist, Velasquez? But Rembrandt, perhaps, appeals to us in a greater degree, because we feel instinctively that he knew what is meant by the struggle for existence. Popularity he never enjoyed in his lifetime; he was pre-eminently a painter of the future.

This feeling of sadness running through his works gives the atmosphere of mystery, which, to some of us, is rather lacking in the creations of the great Spanish master. Life was his passion. It mattered little to him what the model might be, a beautiful girl or a Jewish Rabbi, both were equally interesting to this great student of character. No doubt it is because of this love of *people*, no matter what their creed or nationality may be, that Miss Mason has again given us the great Dutchman's works to study. Children are interested in people, and Rembrandt's folk are both modern and lifelike. Perhaps in some dim way we may initiate their minds into that most interesting of all studies—the study of the mind as depicted by the human face and attitude.

We must take our pupils to see, if possible, that great masterpiece, "The parable of the Unmerciful Servant," in the Wallace Collection, and the interesting etchings at the British Museum; or again, that glorious possession, "The Jewish Rabbi," at the National Gallery, with its dim blacks and glorious browns, showing up one of the saddest faces to be portrayed on canvas.

Books consulted: "Rembrandt," Menpes; Michel; Bréal.
M. E. EVANS.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.

In den Sommerferien bin ich in Dresden gewesen, und habe dort "Der Fliegende Holländer" im Königlichen Schauspielhause gehört.

"Der Fliegende Holländer" ist eine Oper in drei Akten von Richard Wagner. Im ersten Akt, sieht man des vom Sturme in den Hafen verschlagene norwegische Schiff, mit den Matrosen, dem Steuermann und dem Kapitän. Letztere unterhalten sich über das Ereigniss und begeben sich bald darnach zur Ruhe. Dann kommt das Schiff des Holländers, den das gleiche Schicksal betroffen. Mit Tagesanbruch erblickt der Norwegische Kapitän den Holländer und ist erstaunt, ihn hier zu finden. Der Holländer bittet den Norweger um Obdach für die Nacht, und bietet ihm dafür grosse Schätze. Er fragt auch, "Haben Sie eine Tochter," und dann erzählt er dem Norweger seine Geschichte. Er ist verflucht, und nur alle sieben Jahre kann er an's Land gehen, und wenn es ihm gelingt, ein treues Weib zu finden, so weicht der Fluch von ihm. Niemand liebte ihn, und so hoffte er, hier ein Mädchen zu finden. Der Norweger will ihn aufnehmen und verspricht ihm seine Tochter. Bald fährt der Norweger ab und auch der Holländer sticht in See.

In dem zweiten Akte sind wir in der Wohnung des Norwegers. Wir sehen das grosse Spinnzimmer, wo viele Mädchen spinnen und das Spinnerlied singen, das so bekannt geworden ist. Senta, die Tochter des Norwegers, ist auch da, und ihre Amme, Mary. Aber Senta spinnt nicht; ihre Hände sind müssig, ihre Augen sind auf ein Bild des Holländers gerichtet, das an der Wand hängt. Seit ihrer Kindheit hat sie die traurige Geschichte des Holländers gehört und sie ist von Mitleid für ihn erfüllt. Obgleich sie den Holländer nie gesehen hat, liebt sie ihn. Als ihr Vater kommt, sagt er ihr, dass er einen Gast mitbringe und auch

sie bitte, ihm Gastfreundschaft zu gewähren. Die Mädchen endigen ihr Spinnen, und Senta erzählt ihnen die Sage vom fliegenden Holländer. Jetzt kommt ein Jägerbursche, der Senta schon lange liebt, aber von ihr nicht erhört wird, weil sie immer an den Holländer denkt, und sich berufen fühlt, ihn von seinem Schicksal zu retten. Dann kommt der Holländer und das Begegnen zwischen diesem und Senta ist sehr dramatisch. Kein Wort wird gesprochen, die beiden sehen nur einander an, und erst nach einer Weile kommen Sie in's Gespräch. Der Holländer erzählt ihr seine Geschichte und fragt Senta, ob sie ein treues Weib ihm sein könnte, um ihn so, von seinem Schicksal zu retten. Senta willigt ein. Dann verlässt sie der Holländer; der Jägerbursche, der nichts Gutes ahnt, tritt wieder auf, und bittet Senta drigend, von dem Holländer zu lassen. Aber vergebens. Nun überrascht sie der Holländer mit dem Jägerburschen und er glaubt weder an ihre Liebe noch an ihre Treue und will sofort wieder absegeln. Doch Senta wirft sich ihm entgegen und versichert ihn ihrer treuen Liebe. Der Holländer jedoch ist nicht zu überzeugen und sticht in See. Senta, darüber verzweifelnd, stürzt ihm nach in's Meer. Damit ist aber auch der Fluch von ihm genommen. Das Geisterschiff, wie es im Volksmunde hiess, zerschellt, und nun zeigt ein Bild, hoch in den Wolken, die Vereinigung von Senta und dem befreiten Holländer.

ROSA HART.

AN EVENING SPENT IN PURSUIT OF NIGHTJARS.

"Macnab, I have spent three evenings on the moor and have never heard nor seen the *ghost* of a nightjar."

"Did ye gang whar I telt ye?"

"Yes, *exactly*; and sometimes I wandered about, and

sometimes I sat under a gorse bush for ages, and never had sight nor sound of one."

"An' were ye near the hawthorn buss?"

"I slipped along and hid quite close to it."

The old Scottish gamekeeper thought for a minute or two, his head slightly bent forward, and his tall figure silhouetted against the sky, then, in his slow, calculating way, said:

"An' what time would ye be there?"

"About seven till half-past eight," I said.

"Half-past eight!" exclaimed he; "that's when ye should be settin' oot!"

I thanked him for the information, and next night started off a little after eight. The road lay along the top of a low, rounded hill overlooking the broad, shallow valley of the Wear. The sun had set, and now the sky was bright pink from the west to far overhead. Even in the east some little, fleecy clouds had caught the glow. Everything seemed to be touched with the light, even the grey walls and the road. It was dark by the time I reached a thick pine wood, and the only way to find the grassy path was by following the light between the trees overhead. What queer sounds there were in the undergrowth—rabbits scuttling about, the whirr of a startled pheasant under my very nose, the screech of a young brown owl down at the end of the wood! At last I emerged. Before me was a dip with a tiny stream running at the bottom; on one bank a stretch of charred grass and branches where earlier in the year had been a sea of yellow gorse blossom; on the other bank, a field of potatoes. I could distinguish these in the dark because I knew they were there. Everything was still. There was no wind in this sheltered nook, and the air was warm. I went down to the burn and followed it up—rather marshy work, but the nightjar would be less likely to see me there than on the hill. All of a sudden from the hawthorn tree up the rivulet, that Macnab had mentioned, came

jurrrr rrrr, etc., the little stop in between giving you the impression that Mr. Nightjar was just taking a hurried breath so as to go on with more vigour and enjoyment of life. For a long time he continued, then there was a pause. I moved to a dry knoll and sat down. Have you ever watched a butterfly hover over a garden, or, better, a moth over a field of butterfly orchises? In a little while I saw what appeared to be two such moths, but far larger and dark in colour, flying along the valley with that same peculiar, aimless flight. They disappeared into the darkness. Soon the same couple came back, and I saw the broad, moth-like wings against the sky wheeling and turning hither and thither. And this was the nightjar that at last I had both heard and seen! I waited on for some time, and often I heard the guttural "jurr" again, always from the same hawthorn tree or another low bush in the vicinity. It made another noise occasionally while on the wing, a short, soft whistle, and often its approach was made known to me by this note. There were many other sounds in the air—the croak of the woodcock, the distant drum of the snipe as he "ran down the breeze" over the heath, an occasional "Pee-weet." I turned reluctantly homeward. How full of life the world around me was! Such were my thoughts when I was accosted by Macnab, who had been up seeing about some partridges he was rearing.

"It's a braw nicht!"

"It is indeed, so warm and still."

"Have ye been at the nightjars again?"

"Yes, truly; and I have been successful, thanks to you!"

"Ye'll no' be frichtit here by yersel'?"

"You'll perhaps remember the Forfarshire farmer's answer to his reluctant wife when he sent her to the village for the 'dew of Ben Nevis' one Saturday night?"

"I canna say that I do."

"He said: 'If they tak' ye up in the dark, they'll shin set ye doon wi' daylight.'"

I left Macnab laughing, and continued on my road satisfied at last with my nights' researches.

ISABEL TAYLOR.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The first sight of South Africa, after several days of the unbroken Atlantic, is Table Mountain, and it is the most magnificent introduction to the country that one could possibly have. It is unique. It towers up, a huge block of grey stone, untouched by trees that wither or grass that fades or transitory buildings of man, and so it stands as though it had been there unaltered since the beginning of the world. And yet, though it looks so unchangeable, it has many varying aspects. Sometimes the rock stands out clear cut and distinct in the brilliant sunshine, with its sharp clefts filled with black shadows. Sometimes it is half veiled in a blue haze, and every evening, before sunset, the "table-cloth" comes down, the roll of white cloud edging the top, and at times the clouds are so thick that the mountain is almost hidden from sight. It is so immense that it dominates everything, and Cape Town, a really fine city, sprawls at the foot dwarfed to insignificance.

Cape Town gives a very pleasant impression of smiling prosperity, with its wide, well-kept streets, fine buildings, good shops, and electric trams, and its crowds of well-dressed people. A very mixed crowd it is that one sees; here are Malays in red fez, and numbers of "Cape Boys," a very mixed race—slim and small, and more brown than black—some true Kaffirs in very modern European dress, not looking nearly so impressive as they do in the country districts. Chinese there are, too, and Indians, and all looking so extraordinarily at home with the trams, and telegraph wires, and all the "latest improvements" with which Cape Town is supplied.

The Parliament House is generally very much admired, but it looks very red and white and new, and not nearly so imposing as the great Union buildings now being erected on the hill overlooking Pretoria. The cathedral—still, alas! unfinished—is almost opposite, separated by the avenue of oaks planted by early settlers long ago, which look very familiar with their withered leaves among all the evergreens. The blue gum trees flourish all over South Africa, and are very useful and healthy, but one so soon wearies of the monotonous blue-green of the leaves and the dead white trunks which shed their bark very rapidly. Quite close are the Botanical Gardens, very well laid out and full of interesting plants; and here there is a very life-like statue of Rhodes with one hand outstretched towards the heart of Africa, and beneath the inscription, "Your Hinterland is there."

The electric trams will take you in all directions, and quite the most beautiful tram ride in the world is up the mountain behind Cape Town and down the other side to Camp's Bay. You pass up the steep streets with the gay gardens bordered with high hedges of plumbago in bloom, and then through a pine forest where squirrels play fearlessly, and suddenly the trees open out and you are on the rocky hillside with the sea churning up its foaming waves far below. The ground is covered with low bushes and thick plants, and arum lilies grow wild. Another tram ride, almost as beautiful, is through the suburbs of Mowbray-Wynberg, where the gardens are particularly luxuriant. Here is Rhodes' famous house, Groote Schuur, the grounds of which are open to the public, who can wander at will over a large expanse of hill and dale, coming unexpectedly on herds of wild deer and the cages of wild animals, of which Rhodes was very fond. Indeed, South Africans seem to delight in Zoos and museums, for you find a specimen of each in every large town. The approach to Groote Schuur is wonderfully rich in colouring. The wide red road, bordered with high banks covered with blue periwinkle and surmounted with

tall trees, almost interlacing in places, and letting the brilliant sunshine flicker through, and behind, dominant as ever, Table Mountain veiled in a dark blue haze.

The next place we visited was Port Elizabeth, and there we had the exciting experience of being conveyed from the steamer to the tug in a large basket, reaching far above our heads, which was hoisted up by a crane, and, with a great deal of swaying and bumping, lowered us into the boat! Port Elizabeth is still a town in the making, and that means in South Africa, that though it has electric light and trams and wide streets and a fine town hall, it yet presents a very unfinished and untidy appearance. The chief object of interest there is a memorial to the horses killed in the late war, consisting of a statue of a horse and a soldier in khaki giving it drink out of a bucket, and a water trough below. As this is placed at the top of a very steep hill where the roads are much frequented, it must be a great boon to a number of horses still. We only spent a few hours here on our first visit, but had four days here on the way home. On our voyage out we went on to Durban, which has a splendid harbour with a fine entrance, with cliffs on each side covered with trees. Durban itself seemed a handsome town, and, if not so beautiful as Cape Town, certainly more foreign. Perhaps this outlandish effect is heightened by the number of rickshaws drawn by huge Zulus in war dress, their heads decorated with horns and feathers and their faces with paint; for the more grotesque their appearance and the more ear-piercing their cries, the more likely they are to be employed! We had only a few hours in Durban, and then we had our first experience of an African train journey, and, whether fortunately or not, that journey from Durban to Maritzburg was certainly the worst of all! The country is very hilly, and there are no tunnels, and the lines are a very narrow gauge, so the trains rocked and swayed as we slowly climbed the hills, and we were cheerfully informed that carriages were frequently derailed! However, we were

spared that experience, and only had to put up with a great deal of jolting and dirt and dust. However much one wraps oneself up for travelling, the dust always penetrates.

But Maritzburg was a sufficient reward for the discomforts of getting there. It is more like what I should imagine an Indian town would be, than other South African places. It was night when we arrived, and the nights there are more romantic than the days. The stillness is only broken by the loud chirping of cicadas, a kind of giant grasshopper, and the air is heavy and languorous with the scent of moon-flowers, which one can only smell at night. The stars are brilliant and the moonlight far stronger than it ever is at home; and this is a good thing, as the electric lighting, of which Maritzburg, like other South African towns, is very proud, is extremely poor, but that fact only adds to the romance. Maritzburg by day is very brilliant, with its green trees bordering each wide red road, and its gardens gay with flowering shrubs, purple bougainvillea ("Golden Shower"), a kind of enlarged honeysuckle of an orange colour, and huge scarlet poinsettias. It is a quiet town, and so formed a striking contrast to the next place we visited—Johannesburg. It was regrettable that we travelled through most of the battlefields by night, and so my only impression of Ladysmith, for instance, is the railway station at 5 a.m., and seeing the familiar name put up in such a commonplace way and just a glimpse of Majuba Hill beyond.

Johannesburg seemed very noisy and busy and up-to-date, and extraordinarily dusty. There is a red dust there which is particularly easy to collect and difficult to get rid of. There are some handsome buildings and big shops in the principal streets, but the suburbs look half-finished and untidy, and the whole place gives an impression of having been built too hurriedly. There is much that is unlovely there, and to my mind the gold mines are hideous, but I have heard that they possess a beauty of their own which grows on one. The country round is bare of trees, and in

many places of grass also, and it is broken only by the "dumps" of greyish fine earth, tall chimneys belching out black smoke, huge machinery and rows of miners' quarters with the corrugated iron roofing which prevails everywhere in South Africa. But there are beautiful places, too, such as Parktown, the residential quarter of Johannesburg, and the Zoo, which, though small, has a really fine collection.

It was a great change to leave all this busy life and go out to a mining camp to spend three weeks. It was a tin mine, and not nearly so disfiguring to the landscape as the gold mines. We had to drive forty miles from the station along a road which pursued its way undauntedly through streams, over boulders and tree-trunks, and up and down deep clefts. We were particularly favoured in being able to make this adventurous journey in a motor, which brought us to our destination in two hours, but most of our luggage, which came out by bullock waggon, took four days on the way. These bullocks are black, and look very dignified as they proceed in pairs, sometimes seven pairs to one waggon, at a walking pace, with a Kaffir walking in front to encourage them. The most common mode of conveyance is by Cape cart drawn by mules, which perform wonders in the way of scrambling up and down the clefts, and go at a good pace even through sand, which rises up in thick clouds of dust all round. Another novelty in these carts is that there is no back to lean against unless there is someone sitting behind.

The mining encampment is shut in all round by hills, some of which glow red at sunset and give the place its name, Rooiberg. The soil is very fine sand covered in most places with thick, coarse grass, and walking is a difficult and very dusty proceeding. Small, stunted trees, like the fruit trees in an orchard, are dotted about, and "wait-a-bit" thorns and a few mimosas, or wattles as they call them there, and a plantation of blue gums by the offices. The houses are quite close together, each in its little garden cultivated by the occupier. The houses are all bungalows, and a four-

roomed house is quite a large mansion; but then the kitchen, pantry, etc., are all separate buildings of mud and wattle, white-washed outside and thatched; and in some cases the spare room is one of these huts, called nondavels, situated in the back garden. Every house, too, has its verandah, which forms a very pleasant sitting-room, from which one can watch the life of the place passing in the road—a few Kaffir women, once an hour, or a white neighbour who will probably come in for a chat, or perhaps, on a very lucky day, a bullock waggon. Once a week the fruit and vegetable cart comes, and is so eagerly welcomed that those who live on the outskirts of the encampment are generally left with only cabbages. There is a "store," which sells everything from boots to tinned milk. This last is indeed a necessity, for though most people keep a cow, as these roam about the veld they are often lost, and then one lives on tinned milk, watered down to the right consistency, until the truant is found. In fact, when your hostess can offer you "cow's milk," she feels she is putting a great luxury before you. There are only three posts a week in this place, and no public lights, and the time is regulated by the mine hooter. The white population for miles round know one another and meet almost daily at the tennis courts—not grass lawns; a grass lawn in South Africa is so very rare and beautiful a thing that one is scarcely allowed to step on it—but a hard, reddish court made of "ant-heap" and earth. There is no church, but the people have at last managed to secure a monthly visit from their Vicar, who lives ninety miles away. There is a Government school for the English and Dutch children, which I visited two or three times, and it was most amusing to hear poems from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" recited with a very Dutch accent.

The servants there are all Zulus or Kaffirs. The men make much better servants than the women because they are cleverer and less clumsy. The Kaffir men are small, narrow-shouldered and narrow-hipped, with the black, curly wool

like little pepper-corns all over their heads. They are very dignified, and I never heard one laugh or saw one smile. But the women, who are much bigger and very fat, with turbans all over their heads even when wearing "hobble skirts," smile all the time and shake with laughter, especially when they see Europeans. The women do the field work and enable the men to live in idleness, unless they come in to work in the mines or in European houses, which they do not care for, and as soon as they have earned enough money to buy cattle they generally go back to their own farms.

Later on we stayed for some time in Pretoria, which is a pretty town which still shows many evidences of its Dutch origin. We visited Kruger's house here, in which there is one room entirely filled with the wreaths of artificial flowers sent for his funeral, and on the wall hangs a picture representing the late President in a frock coat ascending to Heaven, with angels crowning him with laurel wreaths, and a crowd of admiring Boers below. We also saw Kruger's grave, easily recognisable from the bust above, and in the same cemetery is Prince Christian Victor's grave, and rows and rows of little nameless iron crosses marking the earthly resting-place of those who died here during the war.

The most beautiful place that we visited was certainly Grahamstown, in Cape Colony. It is beautifully wooded, and such a refreshing sight after the treeless veld. There is a fine cathedral here, also not yet finished; and the town is the great educational centre, with schools and colleges for boys and girls, and a theological college. It has also an ostrich market, and on market days droves of ostriches passed along the wide streets, picking their way with the little mincing steps which seem so absurd for such large creatures. They had mostly black feathers, very fine, but ugly bare legs. They can run at a great rate, and we frequently saw one racing a train in the country. They are very dangerous at times, but are fortunately very stupid. For instance, if quite a low fence is put round their pasture,

they will never discover that they could easily get over it. I never saw such a riotous glory of red, every shade from yellow to crimson, as in the cactuses all round Grahamstown. The plant is short and thick, the long scarlet flower like a glorified "red-hot poker." When there are numbers everywhere for miles, the effect is very striking.

I have only given a few very superficial observations, and have not touched on any of the problems of the country, such as the Black and White question, and the difficulties incident to the welding together of English and Dutch, for though I heard these matters frequently discussed from many points of view, I do not feel qualified to express any opinion. No one who has visited South Africa, however, even for so short a time as I did, can fail to be profoundly interested in the future of this great country, and to watch the growing up of this courageous, industrious, and kindly nation, with the greatest admiration for their efforts and sympathy for their difficulties.

C. C. MONRO.